

of virtue. History, that factitious, partial mirror, expatiates largely on the crimes of mankind, but she is often silent respecting their private virtues.

*" On wings of fame immortal scandals fly,  
" Whilst virtuous actions are but born and die."*

Such were the thoughts the honest Strephon was ruminating upon, and such the words he was uttering, when Doriman, his nephew, whose ruling passion was avarice, entered the room; and, after the usual morning congratulations, the following conversation ensued.

Believe me, my dear nephew, I should be happy to have it in my power to convince you of your error; this remonstrance it is my duty to make, however disagreeable it may appear to you; but I fear it will be ineffectual: you cannot even blush for your behaviour. Infatuated youth! Are the seeds of virtue entirely destroyed in you? It is your boast that you are void of sensibility? Alter your conduct, or never expect to see me again.

Sir, said the nephew, are not the instructions I received from my father equal to yours?—You have run after what is called honour, but what extraordinary fruits have you gathered from it.

Honour,

Honour, answered the uncle, is a word not properly understood by you. My fortune is sufficient; I require no more.—It may be yours after my death. But I don't know whether the poor are not the best entitled to be my heirs; yet I cannot forget my kindred, even if they forget themselves. I see, my dear nephew, it is not in my power, at this time, to open your heart to the light of reason, or to the shafts of sentiment. Time I doubt not will extort from those cheeks a salutary blush, and open your eyes ere long that you may see distinctly the false education you have received; hearken to an uncle that loves you, and who has nothing in view but your happiness.

Can reason, Sir, said Doriman, be employed to better purpose than I have done? Have I any vices? who dare reproach me with any? I am indebted to no man; I never injured any man; though all mankind endeavour to injure.—I only excite envy by my riches and œconomy.

Go no further, nephew, said the uncle; this matter shall be discussed another time. Adieu; you are a man, and I do not despair of you.

The honest Strephon retired greatly chagrined. Alas! said he, I fear his malady is too deeply rooted to admit of cure. Thou base, pitiful passion, avarice, how often art thou